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The Lover
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"Angler."


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Yours very truly
"Capt'n."

THE CRUISE

OF THE

“ANGLER”

OR ;

THREE WEEKS OFF HICKORY ISLAND.

By one of the Cruisers.

DETROIT, MICH.:

1889.

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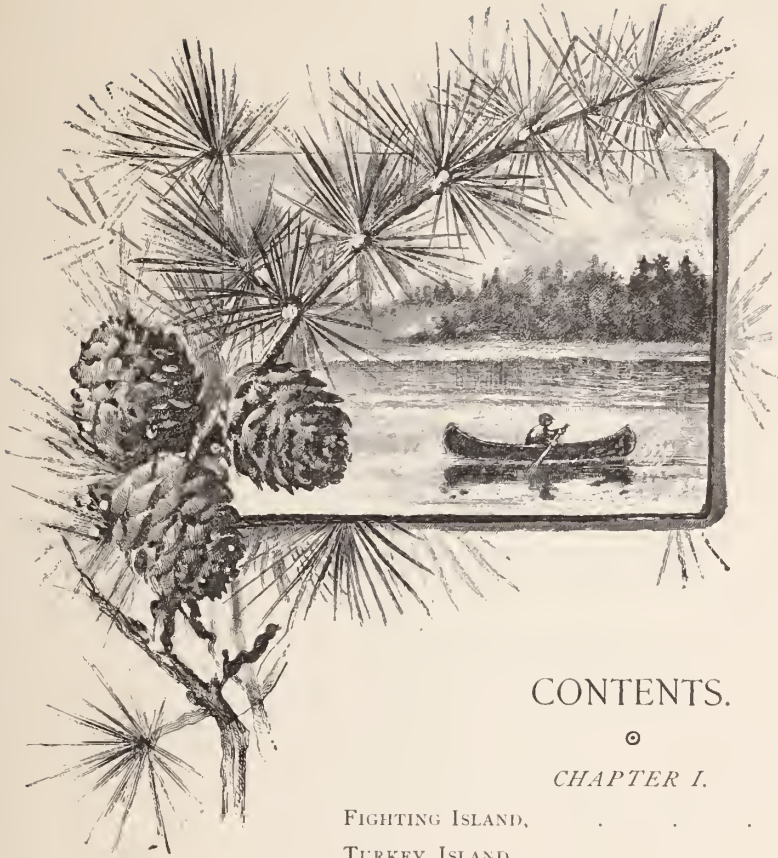


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TO
“ CAMP JOSEPHINE,”
UNDER WHOSE WHITE CANOPY I HAVE SPENT
MANY HAPPY HOURS, THESE FEW
CHAPTERS ARE SINCERELY
DEDICATED.



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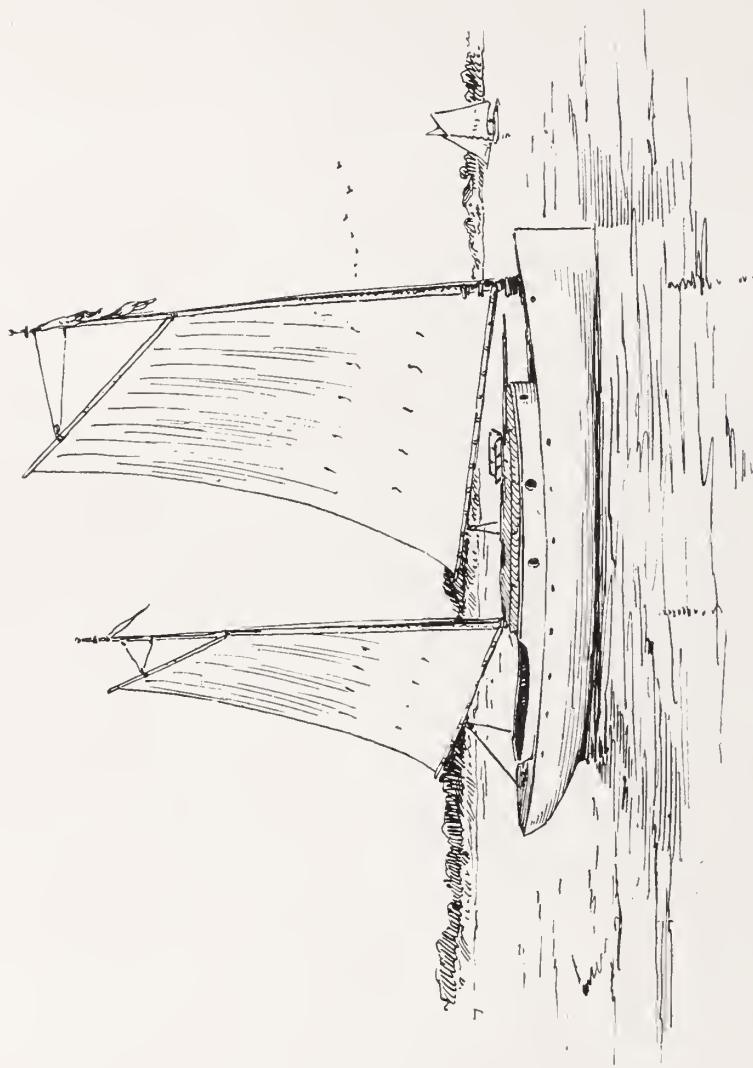
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The "Angler."

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the early part of August that the Captain, Jack, Al. and myself set sail on the yacht "Angler" for a cruise—fishing and a general good time being our outlook. The "Angler" was rigged as a double-cat, twenty-seven feet long and nine feet beam, having every convenience for a party of six, so we were in no way crowded.

The Captain was about 36 years of age, a short, fairly proportioned party. His title came to him not from the fact that he was a sailor of any pretensions, or that he had done deeds of valor on the battle-field, but as there must be a captain to the boat, we dubbed him Captain, and it "stuck." The Captain had the record of being a pretty good cook, so was also installed into that position, while Jack took the place of first mate and dish-washer.

The Captain's outfit, or rather costume, consisted of a blue flannel shirt and cap, *à la* U. S. Navy, of which he was very proud, and a pair of "high water pants" about three inches too short; they fit him snugly, and as he wore colored socks, and shoes too large, his personnel was certainly not attractive, and it seemed as if his whole ambition was to make his appearance as desperate and tough looking as possible.

Our friend Jack was of medium height, had seen about twenty-eight summers, good-looking, a blonde with a tendency to the auburn, had a pretty moustache with a delicate curl, and was a favorite generally with the ladies. Unfortunately, he had fallen in line with the Captain and had made himself far from prepossessing. He also wore his pants cut short, the other portion of his attire being a grey shirt and a slouch cap. The combination was in keeping with the Captain's regalia, yet a little grotesque. Jack is good-natured with a heart the size of an ox, cheerful at all times (except when washing dishes), his only fault, or rather misfortune, being that he is always hungry. He has the blarney of a gentleman from Dublin and can make love to six girls at once in as many different languages.

Now, Al. was of dark complexion, about the average height, with a drooping black moustache that gave him the appearance of a heavy tragedian, yet looks belie sometimes, and they did in this case, for he was the funny man of the party. He was, however, a "landlubber" and was never on a yacht before, yet fell into the run of the boat at a pace that fairly took our breath away. He had not been on board an hour when he knew what we had to eat and drink, and could put his hand on the salt and pepper better than Jack, who superintended the stowing away. The rapid progress he made really alarmed us, for in a few hours he had the whole business down to perfection, and the Captain began to fear the

loss of his position. In a happy moment the Captain struck the key-note of his retirement—he set him to work pulling up the center-board. Center-boards will work hard sometimes, and on this occasion ours was no exception to the rule. Al. tugged and tugged in vain, and finally gave up. This was his Waterloo and he was an obedient deck-hand the remainder of the cruise.

Having given our readers a pen-picture of our heroes we will now proceed to relate the events of the cruise.

We had been busy since early morning getting everything in readiness for our departure, yet it was quite late in the afternoon before Jack, who had been superintending the stowing away, announced “all stowed away, sir.” A hasty consultation was made to make sure that we had everything needed for the trip, the sails were hoisted, the anchor hauled up, and we were off.

Captain Allen, the jolly, veteran boat-builder, whose watchful eye guards the “Angler” when lying at her anchorage, waved us a parting salute from his dock and sung out:

“Good bye, boys; take good care of yourselves—hope yer’ll have a good time.”

“All right Capt’n, good bye.”

The sails caught the wind and in a few minutes we were out of sight of our anchorage. With a south-east wind we beat down the river and early in the evening were lying off

FIGHTING ISLAND.

Why this romantic and quiet little spot should be called by so aggressive a name we cannot conceive. Jack suggested because we were kept busy fighting the mosquitoes which were then out in full force. We were informed by reliable parties that in years gone by it was a favorite resort for fistic encounters. The island is now rented by a party of gentlemen for fishing and shooting purposes, and they have an excellent club house which is in charge of an accommodating Frenchman. It was here that the Captain showed his skill as a mariner. A duck boat was to be taken in tow and he went ashore to paddle it out to the yacht. The wind was blowing strong and the "darn thing was all bow," he said, and it was not until after many attempts that he at last succeeded in reaching the "Angler."

Here the Captain introduced us to Mr. Chas. Preston, an old friend, also to his right bower, Mr. W. E. Benedict. Mr. Preston is president of the club that controls the island, is Captain and owner of the smart steam yacht "Ida M.," and has a powerful and musical bass voice which seemed to us he kept somewhere in his boots. With a heart as big as his voice, and a commanding presence, he is a social favorite. Brother Benedict, or rather "Ben," as his friends call him, is of the cool, easy-going, sweet-tempered variety. His forte is sleep; the time and place never being considered, all he needs being the opportunity. Another of his traits is that

he is good at promising. Why, if we had only had half the game he promised to send us, we would have had dyspepsia for a year. We came to the conclusion that we did not know what the club would do without Ben, or what he would do without the club.

We spent the evening on the island and were most royally entertained by members of the club, and it was with much reluctance that we sailed away the following morning. With a fair wind we were not long in making

TURKEY ISLAND,

where Al. wanted to stop and bag some turkeys, and was greatly disappointed when informed that it was



so called from its shape. The island is largely a marshy waste, a few yards of beach and a cluster of trees at the head relieving it of its barrenness. As viewed from the

Canadian channel, it is somewhat quaint and attractive; it has been the study of many an artist, its small group of trees standing out in bold relief against the marsh grass in the background. A navigable channel but seldom used, separates it from Fighting Island. Both of these islands and the surrounding marsh are favorite duck hunting grounds; their shores also afford good sport for the angler.

WE MEET AN OLD FRIEND.

A little later we were off Grosse Isle, and while sailing along its shores we noticed a party on a small dock trying to attract our attention. We were too far out to distinguish whether the party was young or old, but it was evident that he wanted to parley with us.

"What's the old duffer want, I wonder?" asked Jack.

"Probably wants us to ferry him across to Canada," replied Al.

"Well, we are not in the ferrying business just at present, but if he has any refreshments with him we might stretch a point and take him over," suggested Jack.

The Captain did not seem to be much interested in the conversation. He was looking steadily towards the shore, when he said suddenly:

"I believe that's Dave."

"Dave who?" we all ask in one breath.

"Dave Linn, of course, an old Detroit. Don't you know Dave?"

"You're off your bearings, Capt'n," replies Jack. "I know Dave myself."

The argument had commenced to get interesting, and there was a chance of considerable betting being done, when across the water comes the enquiry:

"What boat, who are yer?"

We all respond, "the 'Angler,'"

"Where from?"

"Detroit. Who are you?" we ask in return.

"Dave Linn."

"Didn't I tell you so? Who's off their bearings now, Jack?" asks the Captain.

"Come ashore," sings out Dave.

"How much water have you there, Dave?" enquires the Captain.

"About three feet."

"Stand by the line Al., let off the sheets Jack—that's the style," and the next minute Dave is on board.

"Well boys, I am very glad to see you; do you know what attracted my attention? Well, it was your sails; I think they are the prettiest cut sails I ever saw," and Dave, who thinks that next to a pretty woman there is nothing more attractive than a trim rigged boat, was very profuse with his praises of the "Angler's" appearance.

We adjourned to the cabin—this is regulation style; true yachtsmen always adjourn to the cabin when they visit. Dave cast his critical eye around the interior and gave as his opinion that we had everything in

"bang-up shape." Our ice-box especially attracted his attention. Now, this was the Captain's pet, he planned and constructed it, and as Dave was anxious to see how it "handled," we made several calls upon it before he thoroughly understood its points. Dave at length insisted that we go up to the house and have a sing.

If there is any one thing that the Captain likes as well as sailing, it is singing, so when we saw him and Dave walking arm and arm to the house we made up our minds for a long session. Our friend has quite a record as an oarsman, is a yacht crank, and was a "fire laddie." He has a fine bass voice and at one time was connected with a glee club, of which the Captain was also a member. The Captain sings tenor, and as we had a variety of voices in the balance of the crew, we expected to have quite a musical festival.

It would be hard to imagine a prettier spot than that occupied by Dave's home. On a high bank, sheltered by stately trees, with a beautiful view of the river, it is a spot some would rave over. Dame fortune has smiled upon our friend and he has taken up his abode on this island to secure a needed rest, and *to farm*. What he has learned about farming since he has been there would make quite an interesting book.

Upon entering the house we were met by Mrs. Linn, who informed us that "this was one of Dave's holidays." We came to the conclusion that Dave was not very particular as to the date or day of his periods of leisure.

Dave insisted that we could not sing without first having some refreshments to build up our voices, and this is where Jack got the best of us. He said: "you fellows do the singing, I'll do the eating," and he gave an excellent showing of his abilities in that line.

What singing we did have! The Captain and Dave sang duetts, and would have been singing now if daylight would have held out indefinitely. Al. sang his favorite melody, something about a girl with a fair face, and helped us out on some college songs. Jack needed considerable coaxing before we could induce him to warble, but when he did, it was with a gusto that came near taking the plaster off the ceiling.

It was with great reluctance on our part (but we will not answer for Dave's feelings) that we bade our friends good-bye. It was about three hours before sun-set, and as we were anxious to make Sugar Island before dark, our parting exercises were very short.

It took but a few minutes to hoist the sails and attend to the other preliminaries, and then the Captain sung out:

"All ready, there?"

"Aye, aye, Capt'n, all ready.

"Let go the line."

Dave threw off the line and waved a parting salute.

With cheers for Dave from the "Angler," we sailed out into the stream, which with a fair wind brought us early in the evening to

SUGAR ISLAND.

This island is without doubt the prettiest place on the Detroit River. It is the Mecca of excursionists and is well patronized. Scarcely a day passes during the summer months but what it is occupied by a picnic of some kind. It is a great favorite with children, and



we presume that this green little spot is more widely known amongst them than any spot on the Detroit River. There are plenty of swings and boats, a base ball

ground, dancing hall and other conveniences necessary for the enjoyment of pleasure seekers. Added to all of these advantages it has a charming beach, a beautiful grove, and the whole island is kept as clean as a pin. It is situated at the mouth of the Detroit River, having for its neighbors, Hickory Island on the one side and Bois Blanc Island on the other. The channel between Amherstburg and Bois Blanc is used by the merchant marine exclusively, thus leaving a large and beautiful expanse of water around these islands for yachting, boating and fishing. Bois Blanc Island is in Canadian waters, is pleasantly located and is a private summer resort.

JACK GOES DOWN WITH THE ANCHOR.

As we intended to stay there all night, of course the anchor had to go, and Jack must throw it in, especially as there were a number of pretty girls on the dock to witness the feat. To show his strength and form to advantage, he took up the anchor which weighed about seventy-five pounds, and holding it to his breast, gave it a terrific lurch and threw it in, but alas ! forgot to let go his hold and down he went with it to the bottom of the river. The Captain laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, and the yells from the dock were deafening.

There was on the dock a party who was called the constable. He came down on the boat every day and acted as an overseer. He was a jolly, fat, good-natured

man. Jack's exploit came near being the death of him. He had a laugh like a fog-horn, and when he saw Jack take his dive, he laughed so heartily that he came near bursting a blood-vessel. He said, "that beats anything I ever saw—just to think of a man going to the bottom with an anchor to see what kind of a hold it takes; ha, ha, that's a good one." We really felt sorry for Jack, for it made no difference when the constable saw us, he would always refer to this incident and laugh himself almost into a fit.

Jack got on board without any assistance, but he was considerably crest-fallen, having the appearance of a drowned rat, looked around and tried to blame some one other than himself, but gave it up, had a good laugh, changed his clothes and said "he was hungry."

"I say, Jack."

"What now, Al?"

"How did you feel when you fell in?"

"Wet," said Jack, laughing at his wit.

"Indeed! I was just going to observe that you must have had a *h-ankering* for some water."

"Chestnuts," said Jack at this sally and quietly went on smoking with one eye cocked towards the hatchway, watching what progress was being made with supper.

"Hello! Capt'n," sang out Jack, "how's supper?"

"Going before the wind."

"I'm hungry."

"That's nothing new."

"What are you going to dish up to-night?"

"Eggs and bacon—"

"Potatoes?"

"No!"

"Say, here, Capt'n, we want potatoes; anybody can cook potatoes."

"Jack, who's doing the cooking, anyway? Look here, potatoes don't go to-night—so keep quiet or I'll dump the whole business overboard."

That settled it.

It was not long before the Captain announced that supper was ready and the way we demolished the grub would have sent a boarding-house keeper crazy. After supper Jack being tired, he left the dishes until morning, we had a quiet smoke out in the starlight, talked over events of the day and then turned into bed.



CHAPTER II.

It was quite early when we arose; all nature seemed asleep. Across from Sugar Island, through a light mist, dotted with white tents, could be seen

HICKORY ISLAND.

This is a rough and thickly wooded island, beautified with all of nature's adornments, made rustic, and in some places quite majestic, by the fallen trees and the decaying timber. The advances of civilization have had no effect on this romantic little spot, and if some poor Indian could but arise from his grave—it is very probable that the bones of some dusky warrior have herein found a resting place—he would find little change, though a century of time has rolled by. Here the squirrel abounds, the tap, tap, tap



of the wood-pecker is heard; the black-bird and other native birds making the woods their home and nesting in the branches of its stately trees. With good fishing grounds surrounding the island, can it be wondered at that it is the paradise of campers?

"What kind of a show is that?" enquired Jack.

"Why, that is a camp," said the Captain.

"Well I don't see any military signs about it."

"Now, Jack, can't you see that it is a private camp; I can tell that by the clothes-line."

Jack laughed and said, "Capt'n, I guess you are right; you must not expect me to catch on like you. When I am a married man and have the family you have, I shall have more experience in such things."

Now it was distinctly understood at the start that we should not make mention of the fact that the Captain was a married man, as he wished to make as favorable an impression as possible with any young ladies we might chance to meet, and as the other portion of the crew were unincumbered, he was afraid that his chances would be very slim if we did not keep quiet on this subject. It can, therefore, be imagined that he was a little surprised to have Jack make such a break so early in the season. It was quite a few seconds before he was able to regain his composure, and then he said, "Jack, what's the matter with you—don't you remember your promise?"

"What promise, Capt'n?"

"What promise ! Do you want to knock me out of all my fun on this trip ? Didn't you promise to keep quiet about my being a married man ? If you are really anxious for every one to know the straight facts, I will send up for some printed circulars, giving full particulars as to number of children there are in the family, their ages, and any other information you may suggest—I'll do anything to be accommodating."

"I'm sorry, Capt'n, but that was a slip," said Jack, "but —"

What apologies Jack intended to make we will never know, as at that moment it was announced that breakfast was ready, and as we were all very hungry there was no time lost in reaching the breakfast table.

After breakfast we went to work cleaning the deck and "trimming ship," and had been busily engaged for about an hour when Al. called out to Jack that he could see two men on Sugar Island.

"Hello, Capt'n," sung out Jack. The Captain was below, deeply interested in his corn-cob.

"Well, what's the matter now ?"

"Al. says there are a couple of fellows on the island; let's go ashore and get acquainted."

"Decks all clean ?"

"All clean, sir."

"Dishes washed up, Jack ?"

"All gone, sir."

"Then all hands go ashore."

On landing it did not take us many minutes to get acquainted. We found that our friends were the only inhabitants of the island; one of them had charge of the island and the other looked after the boats which are rented to excursionists. The only names we knew our friends by were

"DAVE" AND "CHRIS."

Dave is a bachelor, good natured, and has hopes. He frequently takes flying visits to Detroit; they say he is paying attention to a widow who has seen as many summers as himself. He was glad to meet us, gave some valuable information and introduced us to the mascot of the island, Chris. He is also a bachelor and a confirmed one. An old fisherman, he has been connected with Sugar Island for over thirty-five years, and can spin more yarns about his wonderful catches than a dozen ordinary amateurs. Chris is very methodical; you will find him at the same place and at the same hour each day; up before the sun he has everything in the shape of the remains of lunches and other debris cleared off long before the majority of human kind have thrown off the bed-clothes.

"Say, Chris, they tell me that old man Clark bought both these islands for four hundred dollars, about forty years ago, is it so?" asked Al.

"Well, you see I have heard it said, but don't know; I've worked nigh on thirty-five years for the old man.

He wasn't the hard boss some would have you believe. Yes, he was peculiar," said Chris, "but as straight as a string; poor old fellow, it broke me all up when I heard he was dead."

"I remember a good joke on the old man," said the Captain.

"Let her flip," said Jack.

"Well, I was attending an excursion and was one of the committee on refreshments. I noticed old Clark strutting along in his peculiar fashion, swinging that stick of his as he was wont, and as he passed me I said: Have a cigar, Mr. Clark? He turned on his heel and said: Young man, I am deaf, you will have to speak louder. I repeated my request and he said: Is that what you asked me before? I replied, yes. Then I will, he answered, but I must have been a d—— fool not to have heard you before."

Chris laughed and said: "Just like him; I tell you when the old man held his head down and swung his stick, you had to look out."

"All aboard," sang out the Captain, and in a few minutes we were under way. We promised Dave and Chris that we would see them again soon.

We passed down the river, taking good notice of the campers on Hickory, who had just commenced their day.

"I say, Jack," said Al, "I think this would be a boss place to anchor off to-night; quite romantic, you know—just look at those girls going out to bathe!"

That was too much for Jack and he wanted to drop the anchor right away, but as we had made up our minds for a fish in Lake Erie we kept on our course, and it was agreed that we should make the banks of Hickory our anchorage that night.

What a happy time we did have! Fishing was good, and we were all as merry as crickets. The Captain got dinner and we all sat down with appetites like razors. After dinner Jack spun a few yarns, Al. worked off some puns while we enjoyed a few whiffs from our corn-cobs. We had all the fishing we wanted for one day, so headed the "Angler" out into the lake, sailing around Bar Point Light House, returning to Hickory about supper time, where we dropped anchor as agreed in the morning.

"Now, Capt'n," said Jack, "won't you fry us some fish?"

"Jack, I am tired," he answered, "I guess you'll have to make out with a light lunch to-night."

"Look here, Capt'n, if you are going to bring out any of your 'shake-down' teas around here I'm going to mutiny; I'll throw you overboard."

"You are getting desperate, Jack. Do you know what I should do if you should throw me overboard?"

"You couldn't do anything."

"Yes, I could. I would hang on to you like you did to the anchor."

That was too much for Jack, and we had to put up with a cold collation for supper.

We spent that evening singing songs, but did not go ashore; as we had some delicacy about intruding upon the campers.

Quite a number of days passed in a similar round of enjoyment without our becoming acquainted with those on the island, until one day

WE MET "CLARENCE."

He boarded the "Angler" one morning, carrying a broad smile under a broad-brimmed hat. The shirt he wore was apparently homespun, pantaloons a little on the bias, with a pair of shoes that were not mates. The most striking part of his structure was his teeth; his smile was very, very broad, and then it was that his teeth came in full display, showing very prominently a pair of tusks that overlapped his regular set, and when he laughed, his mouth might have been taken for a miniature mammoth cave.

"Morning, pard," said Jack, "come aboard. Aren't you out pretty early?"

Clarence laughed. "Well, I should say not; I have the leastest sleep of any of 'em."

"Do you live on that island?" asked the Captain.

"Naw; I'm camping with a party. Looking after 'em, you see," and, pointing to Jack asked, "what's yer name? Say, there is a party that is mashed on you over thar."

It did not seem possible that Jack's face could be any redder than it was, but he actually blushed. That

settled it, and we must land. Clarence said he knew everybody, and would give us a "knoek-down" to all around.

Clarence had a weak spot. He was cracked on his skill as an oarsman and on his wonderful strength. The way the campers worked on his vanity to their benefit was unique, but pretty tough on Clarence. If they wanted to go to Sugar Island, a little "taffy" and Clarence would row them over. If logs were needed for a camp fire, you had only to tell Clarence that you envied him his strength in being able to handle logs so easily, and he would fell trees all day. A better natured fellow (if you knew how to handle him) never existed. One of his favorite jobs was handling the line for the "Riverside." She made two trips a day, and it was a part of the routine of the campers to row over to Sugar Island and meet the boat, some expecting visitors, others supplies. Clarence was always on hand. He would bob up like a Jack-in-the-box. Where he came from half the time we did not know; he came upon us like an apparition. He never missed a landing. Sometimes, at the last moment, we would miss him, and some one would exclaim "where's Clarence?" The sound would hardly die away when he would sing out "here I is," and would be seen hurrying to his post. This was his pet job and he looked upon it as one of importance, and he would not have missed handling the line for a farm.

The "Angler" crew became in a short time great

favorites with Clarence and we found him very useful on numerous occasions. The only thing about him that worried Jack was his keen appetite. His capacity for "stowing away" was alarming; after entertaining this gentleman it was generally necessary to make a trip to Amherstburg for supplies.

What Hickory Island would have been without our friend Clarence we do not know, for with his quaint ways and odd expressions he created more than half the fun on the island. It has been said somewhere that "it takes all kinds to make a world." In this instance Clarence was one of the kind that helped to make the cruise of the "Angler" the round of enjoyment that it proved to be.

As the majority of the campers were ladies, we were anxious that our appearance should be at least a trifle more presentable than it was. Our greatest trouble was that we needed shaving very bad; a ten days' growth of beard gave us a semi-barbarous look. But here Clarence was equal to the emergency and helped us out of our dilemma.

"What, you fellows want a shave, do yer say?" asked Clarence.

"Yes, Clarence we do—have you a razor?" enquired Jack.

"Naw, I ain't got no razor; Dick has though and he's a dandy shaver, too, you bet."

"Dick who?"

"Never mind who," said Clarence, "it makes no difference, he's my friend anyway; he'll come—say boys, he's a dandy."

Clarence would give no further information but rowed off in quest of his friend.

For the next hour or more we were in a quandary as to whether Clarence would find his friend or not, and it was doubtful in our minds even if Clarence did succeed in getting him aboard the "Angler," whether he would undertake the task before him. We had adjourned to the cabin and were playing cards to pass the time away, hardly daring to hope that Clarence would be successful, when we heard the cry "Angler, ahoy!" We hastened on deck and met Clarence who introduced us to

"DICK."

We presume that some of our readers would like to be furnished with the other end of his name, but in the language of our friend Clarence "it makes no difference." Dick was fair, good-looking and of medium height. There is scarcely any necessity for saying that he was good-natured when he would undertake the job Clarence engaged for him. He greeted us with:

"Well, boys, I'm glad to meet you. I understand from Clarence that you need some help. I don't know how my razor is going to handle—you'd better send Clarence over to the farm yonder and borrow a reaper."

At this we all laughed, but Al. had to work in one of his puns and said: "he would reap-er reward hereafter."

It took but a few minutes to improvise a chair and Dick started in on his work. Clarence acted as "brush-down" and handled himself as if he were an old hand at the business. He watched all Dick's movements very closely, strutting around like a bantam rooster, never missing an opportunity to call out "next," which was done with an air of self-importance.

Dick had scarcely finished his task when Clarence was impatient to take us over to Hickory. The Captain, however, would not have it that way, but proposed that we take Dick out into Lake Erie for a sail and postpone the introductory ceremonies until the following day. Clarence was much disappointed and dissatisfied with this arrangement, but we soothed his troubled spirit by giving him the fore-sheet to handle—as long as you gave him an office of some kind he was happy. He held on to the sheet like grim death, and his eyes fairly sparkled when, later in the day, we asked him to take the tiller.

It was a beautiful afternoon and with a good breeze we sailed along merrily, Dick taking the tiller and Clarence acting as first mate. The rest of us whiled away the time in various ways, Jack and the Captain pulling away at their corn-cobs, bantering each other between puffs.

Along about four o'clock the Captain remarked that "the wind was dying out."

"Let her die," replied Jack, "we can stand it, we have plenty to eat on board."

"Jack's happy when there's plenty to eat," said Al.

"Well, I would like you fellows to tell me where the fun would come in on a cruise, if you left out the eating?"

"Can't we get back to-night Capt'n?" enquired Dick.

"I hardly think so, and if we cannot, I propose that we anchor off Bar Point to-night and pull out early in the morning."



BAR POINT AT NIGHT.

"That will suit me, Capt'n," said Dick, "but I must, catch the 'Riverside' to-morrow morning, sure."

"I'm sorry that you are going to leave us so soon, but we'll get you there on time."

"You bet we will—I'll row yer there myself," said Clarence. Considering that it was a seven mile row this was a very generous offer.

It turned out just as the Captain had said—the wind died out and we had scarcely breeze enough to make

BAR POINT,

where we anchored for the night, and a more charming spot it would be hard to imagine. It is located about four miles below Amherstburg, has a beautiful beach upon which are scattered shells and variegated stones, and an abundance of underbrush, back of which is a grove of trees. The choppy waves of the lake running up on its beach send forth a roar so peculiar to the sea-coast, that one might easily imagine he was at the sea-shore if it were not for the absence of the salty breezes which prevail in those localities.

We were sitting out on deck enjoying the cool of the evening, when Al. proposed that we have a camp-fire. That was enough for Clarence, he was in the dingy and ashore before we had time to think, and was quite put out because we followed and offered some assistance.

The moon had gone down and it was dark and misty, and as we grouped around the fire, some half buried in the sand, others sitting on fallen trees, while others busied themselves gathering fuel to replenish the fire, the whole presented a picture of fantastical wierdness. Fascinated as we were by the novelty of our situation, our voices rang out with songs of home and sweetheart until it was far into the night, and even then it was with great reluctance that we returned to the "Angler."

CHAPTER III.

Early in the morning Clarence aroused us from our slumbers. His manner indicated that he was weighed down with considerable responsibility, and the fact that Dick had to catch the boat and that he had to pilot us through our introduction to the camps, made him anxious for us to set sail at once. As there was quite a sea running it made it almost impossible to get breakfast, so we made sail and headed for Hickory, and, with a free wind, were at our own anchorage before seven o'clock. While breakfast was being prepared we cleaned up and scrubbed the decks. After breakfast Dick went on shore to pack up and get ready for the boat while we fixed up for our visit to Hickory; Clarence rowed us over to Sugar Island, where we awaited the "Riverside" and sent Dick off with three cheers. We then pulled over to Hickory and commenced the program planned out for us by Clarence.

CAMP LIFE.

For the benefit of those uninitiated, we will go a little into detail and describe camp life.

Camping for the civilian is not anything like military camping. Where one is all routine the other is just the reverse. Everything is rough and ready, "pot luck" being the order of the day. There is a free and easy air about every one that is really refreshing, no particular

regard being given to personal appearance, thus making it a good place to wear out old clothes. You will see men washing dishes, hanging out clothes and cooking dinner, who, if asked to make a sandwich or build a fire at home, would nearly have a fit. Every one suits himself or herself to the situation. There is a free intermingling of one camp with the other, an earnest endeavor of each to assist the other, a general good time all round being the result.

WE ARE INTRODUCED.

Well, Clarence was in his glory. He marched at the head of the crew with the air of a drum major; his manner of introducing us was certainly odd and original, yet it answered the purpose, and, as Al. said, "it was not according to Hoyle, but counted just the same." We started on our tour from "The Point," the first camp we were introduced to being

CAMP JOSEPHINE.

It had for its main-stay Mr. Dupont, and was presided over by his daughters, Miss Josephine (from whom the camp derived its name) and Miss Kit, and his niece, Miss Kate MacFarland.

The camp was situated at the southwest corner of the island, on a pretty bluff, shaded by stately hickory and elm trees, overlooking Lake Erie. A few small islands in the foreground, but beyond, as far as the eye

can reach, nothing but water is to be seen. The whole is made more picturesque by the panorama of passing vessels which can be seen rounding the point of Bois Blanc Island, about a mile and a half distant. The majority of campers prefer the upper end, or, rather, the middle of the island, but why, we cannot understand, as the lower end, to us, is far more beautiful.

Mr. Dupont's personnel having a tendency to the rotund, he has often been taken for an alderman. (We really intend this for a compliment, but as the dignity of this office has been lost of late years in the scramble for "boodle," we have to explain ourselves.) On first acquaintance his manner appeared quiet and retiring, but later on we learned otherwise; and found that when he warmed up to an adventure, he could put as much zest into it as a Comanche Indian does into a war dance. He has a dry, keen wit, and believes in the old adage "laugh and grow fat." His laugh is entirely his own (perhaps patented.) There is no mistake as to its genuineness. It is of the kind that effects the whole anatomy—it commences in a gentle zephyr-like tone and finishes *moderato crescendo*, with a hearty shake all over. He is a good judge of cigars (we have tried his selection); he is not, however, an inveterate smoker, although he can hang on to a "stump" until he puts on his night shirt, and when he is camping, and away from better influences, he has been known to hang on to it even longer. We were the recipients of so much kindness

and attention from this gentleman that it is hard, with our limited vocabulary to find words to suitably express ourselves. Our French has been neglected, yet we think *vive Dupont* will do for a flourish of trumpets to finish with.

Mr. Dupont sails the "Josephine," a trim double-cat, but we cannot inform our readers whether this boat is named after the camp or not; our conjecture is that it is named after his daughter, as each vie with the other in trimness and beauty.

It will not be out of place to describe the heroine of this camp. Of average height; we would call her fair, but two weeks' outing in the sun had given this lady a healthy tan, and it was hard for us to determine as to the shade of beauty. "Joe," as they called her, is an excellent oars-woman, pulling a steady stroke that would do credit to many an athlete; she has a sweet voice, a charming disposition, and, withal, can make a salad fit for the most epicurean taste.

Miss Kit, who is not so tall as her sister, is possessed with a sweet alto voice, is an accomplished musician, and has a happy disposition. Kit takes great pleasure in teasing her father, whom she calls "Pap," and her brothers also get their share. She is also somewhat inclined to tease other people's brothers. Now, Kit is as harmless as a dove, but she would wear a huge bowie knife, to the dread of the average masher and the chagrin

of her good-natured parent. We do not know much as to this lady's ability in the culinary department, but can inform our readers that she can wash dishes to perfection, if she has the right kind of help. This lady assisted in washing our dishes one evening, and we know whereof we speak.

Another member of the camp was Mr. Dupont's niece, Miss MacFarland; we will approach our description with care, as this lady gives evidence of considerable muscle. She is very fond of rowing, is quite a sailor, and can "trim down the sheet" equal to many yachtsmen; is very fond of bathing and can dive off a duck boat with the gracefulness of a swan. To describe this lady's style of beauty we would have to go into detail, and then, we might make a mistake, and then—well, as we have said before, this lady gives evidence of muscle, and we have no desire to test it. We will say, however, that Miss Kate and her cousins made about as happy a trio as could be found in a day's march.

The next and largest camp on the island was

CAMP HAZEL.

We were given to understand that this camp was formed largely by members of a Methodist Church; they were known mostly as "the Methodists." It was at this camp that service was held each Sunday morning and afternoon, and very delightful services they were, being

attended by a large number of campers. This camp, having a large membership was naturally somewhat exclusive, and the "Angler" crew, in the parlance of the day, failed to "catch on."

The next camp in the order of our march was

CAMP "KA-DEE."

This combined name is made out of the fact that its members are either Ketchams or Donalds. What we would like to say about this camp would fill a book. It was presided over by Mrs. Ketcham, a middle aged lady, who chaperoned the whole camp, planned camp fires, entertainments, and was the impetus to new life amongst all the campers. There were so many ladies in this camp that we could not keep track of them, but we cannot well forget Miss Olive Douglass with her quaint and merry songs, accompanied on the guitar. This lady had a flashing black eye, was a ready wit, and was quite a philosopher—the Captain especially found her very interesting. The male portion consisted of Harry and George Ketcham. Both of these gentlemen were untiring in their efforts to be entertaining. George's favorite walk was out to "The Point;" he was also fond of bathing—with the ladies.

Upon inspection of the next camp we were somewhat perplexed as to its occupancy. A human skull stared down upon us, nailed high aloft at the peak of the tent. Jack said he "guessed it was the camp hospital;" we

found it was a young student's camp, but at that time occupied by a one-legged gentleman by the name of

"GADD."

The most peculiar circumstance about this gentleman was that, when he was spoken of ordinarily, he was called Charley, but if any tents were pulled down or dish pans stolen, it was always, "that Gadd did it." He certainly claimed originality: he could man a boat, row, jump and swim with any one on the island, and could probably think of more deviltry in one minute than the whole of the "Angler" crew put together—and that is saying a good deal.

The tents adjoining Gadd's were occupied by

CAMP MAXWELL,

the presiding officer of which was Mr. Charles Maxwell. He had with him his wife and young daughter; there was also a quartette of brothers that came later on, and a lady whose excellent voice still rings in our ears. We cannot say too much in praise of this camp, as we have considerable to atone for. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell are enthusiastic campers, having camped annually on Hickory for nine years—what they did not know about putting up tents is not worth speaking about. The "Angler" crew have many happy recollections of the past and bright hopes of the future, but, in the meantime, we would advise Mrs. Maxwell to get a patent on her graham gems.

The next camp was occupied by two young and good-looking gentlemen and was called

CAMP HICKORY.

Its occupants were known as Frank and Chauncy. The Captain took quite a fancy to Frank, because he was the cook of the camp and they could reciprocate as it were—swap recipes. This camp had enough cooking utensils to start a country hardware store. Frank had an easy-going temperament—never in a hurry, always cool, even when it was 90 degrees in the shade. Chauncy was just the reverse. He was of the hop, skip and jump variety—just like a pea in a frying pan, always on the move. Jack struck up quite a partnership with him from the fact that Chauncy's forte was washing dishes. Two better hearted fellows never lived, and we could have had their whole outfit for the asking.

So much time was taken up in making the round of the camps that we passed our dinner hour. Camp Hickory insisted that we should have an early supper with them. The Captain accepted the invitation on condition that he would be allowed to do the cooking. With plenty of pots and pans, and a good cooking stove, he was in his glory, and it was not long before supper was ready. Frank and Chauncy were loud in their praises of the Captain's meal, and we had to decline numerous invitations afterwards.

After supper we attended a camp-fire given by Camp

Hazel, and we were enjoying the festivities, when Gadd, our new acquaintance, squatted down amongst us and asked:

“Boys, are you in for some fun to-night?”

We all answered in the affirmative.

“Now, I’ll tell you what we can do. The Maxwells have been gathering logs for a big camp-fire which they are going to light to-morrow night, and have invited some campers from Snake Island to come over and join in the fun; let us fire it off to-night when they have all turned in.”

Of course, we all agreed; but who was to set it off?

Some one suggested the Captain, but he said he “never could light a fire.”

The matter was solved, however, by Jack proposing that we should pull straws; the one who got the short straw was to light it, and he who pulled the next shortest straw should put on some oil to make it light up quickly. Gadd pulled the short straw and it fell to the Captain to put on the oil.

THE “ANTEDATE” CAMP FIRE.

It seemed that night as if the Maxwells never would go to bed. We waited impatiently for about two hours (which seemed about two days), before their lights were put out, and then we had to wait about half an hour to give them an opportunity to go to sleep. At last, when we thought the coast was clear, the Captain put off; he

sneaked up to the pile in Indian fashion and poured on the oil, and with others of the party (except Gadd) put off in a boat to the "Angler," there to await further developments.

The stars furnished the only light, faces could not be seen, yet our hearts beat so loud that it sounded like the ticking of an old Dutch clock.

We all had our faces close to the port-holes—our necks and backs feeling as if they had been put through a threshing machine. The monotony of the occasion was varied by Al. and Jack bumping their heads on the cabin roof, which they would do every time they "stretched out." This furnished us considerable quiet amusement and brought out numerous smothered ejaculations from our friends.

We must have waited over half an hour, yet no fire! Some one suggested that Gadd had backed out. "Backed out!" said Jack, "now, look here, it makes no difference if he has only one leg; if he don't light her up pretty soon, we'll go ashore and dump him in the river—didn't he get the short match?"

The words had hardly been spoken when, phiz! a flash! and the whole island was lit up, and Gadd, with his hop, skip and a jump style of locomotion, could be seen scampering for his tent. It was the most comical event of our cruise, a sight never to be forgotten, to see his crutch, leg, and stump, all working apparently at once, running a race to see who would get home first.

As to the Captain and Jack, they came nearly going into hysterics, and Jack so far forgot himself that he came very near putting his head through the roof of the cabin;—it didn't hurt the roof any, but it was pretty rough on his head.

In a few minutes Mr. Maxwell emerged from his tent, looking dazed; he hesitated for a moment, and then commenced to throw off the logs. At first his features were hard set, but after trying for a few minutes to put out the fire, he gave up the job, had a good laugh, and called out as many of the campers as possible to enjoy the fun. He extended an invitation to the "Angler" crew, but they were, of course, sleeping so soundly that they did not hear his invitation.



CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH the morning was bright and beautiful, yet upon the horizon of our day there was gathering a cloud. For some days past our small crew had been inseparable. We had eaten and slept together; each had played his part to promote the enjoyment of the whole, so when at last it became necessary that our combine be broken, there was on that morning a feeling of sadness interlining our preparations for a day of pleasure.

AL'S DEPARTURE.

Jack and Al. were both up early, and were out making a haul for minnows. It was Al's last day and we were anxious to send him home with a good string of fish. The Captain was cooking breakfast, and had just "dumped" the last egg, when our worthies returned with well-filled pails of bait. We hoisted sail at once and made out for our fishing grounds, Jack taking the tiller while we ate breakfast.

We had only been seated a few minutes when Jack sung out, "say, you fellows down there, how much longer are you going to eat?"

"Just a few minutes," replied Al.

"That's what you said half an hour ago; some one has got to take a trick at the stick—I'm starving."

"I'd like to see the likes of you starving!" replied Al.

"I'm darn'd if I don't believe you would. I'll tell you one thing: any man that can't eat faster than you fellows, ought to starve," and Jack meant all he said.

The breakfast was quite a savory one, and its fumes played havoc with Jack's appetite, and he kept up a continual grumble to himself until relieved of his charge.

The layout that met his gaze when he settled down to his breakfast was considerable of a wreck, but he managed to fill up. One good feature about Jack was, that he was not so particular as to the make-up of the dishes as he was to the quantity. On this particular morning he commenced to complain because we left him nothing but "fag ends," but as soon as he found there was plenty of "fag ends," he commenced operations and continued to the end without saying a word.

Our favorite grounds were on the outskirts of a large tract of weeds, near the head of an island, which we understood was called Tawas. It is a very pretty island and a favorite locality with the campers for fishing excursions. It always took us considerable time to locate "our spot," sometimes taking up more time than that occupied in fishing, but on this occasion we were unanimous at the drop of the anchor that we had struck the right location.

By the time Jack had everything cleaned up we were at anchor and had commenced fishing. There is quite an ancient proverb about "the early bird catching the

worm," which it is supposed can be applied to the early fisherman catching the fish; but this old saying did not prove true with us. We caught only one fish after four hours' hard work. Nevertheless, Al. worked in a good joke on Jack with the one fish; he pulled it out nine times, and it disgusted Jack to think he could not even get a bite, while Al. kept pulling them out every other minute. He at last caught us hooking the fish on Al.'s line, and then he felt like kicking himself because he did not discover the trick before.

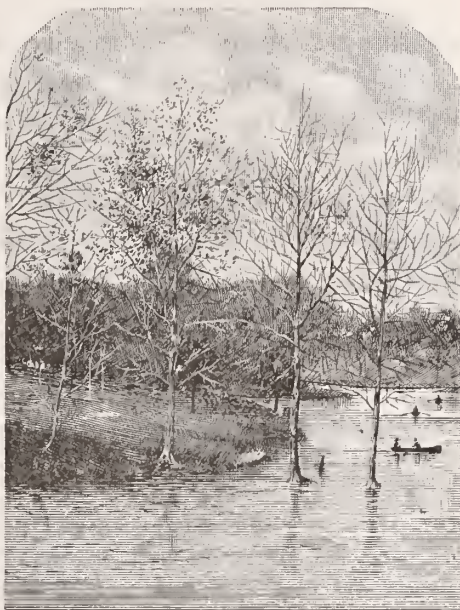
As we were positive that we were on the right grounds we kept on fishing, being certain of ultimate success.

Al., however, kept humming a song of some kind, the refrain of which was

"To-morrow will be Friday

But we have caught no fish to-day,"

until the Captain's patience was exhausted, and we sailed out to try some other spot. As it was then nearly noon,



A VIEW OF TAWAS.

and Jack's feelings were getting the best of him, we made preparations for the second meal of the day.

"I say, Al., won't you make us some sandwiches?" asked the Captain.

"Just as you say, Capt'n; I'm rather struck on my sandwiches, and as this is my last meal with you, I guess I'll give you something to remember me by."

We took no particular notice of the last portion of this remark, but future developments showed that Al. intended that we should not forget him.

"Say, Capt'n, did you say sandwiches for dinner?" enquired Jack.

"That's it."

"No hot meat and potatoes?"

"Yes,—for supper."

"But, Capt'n—"

The Captain, who saw an argument ahead, was just then very busy with his fish-line.

"Say, Capt'n."

"Now, what is it?"

"Aren't you going to cook anything?"

"No!"

"Honest, Capt'n?"

"Jack, you make me tired. Can't you put up with a Dutch lunch once a week?"

"But, Capt'n, I want to ask you a question."

"Well, hustle your question—I'm fishing."

"Didn't you agree to cook three meals a day if I'd wash the dishes; now didn't you?"

The Captain was again apparently very busy with his fish line, and after hesitating a few seconds, he said:

"Now, Jack, let me ask you a question. Wasn't you to wash the dishes three times a day?"

"Yes, and don't I do so?" asked Jack with animation.

"No, you don't. You put off washing the supper dishes until this morning, and then did the whole job at once."

"Well, what if I did?"

"Nothing, only that I intend to cook the dinner to-night when I cook the supper—see?"

"But, Capt'n—"

"Now, Jack, who's running this boat?"

"That settles it, Capt'n, I'll let up; but put this down on the slate, I give you fair warning, if ever I'm captain on a boat and you're one of the crew, I'll give you Dutch lunches until you can't rest nights."

"All right, partner, it will take a long seige of Dutch lunches to make me restless," replied the Captain.

This animated conversation was brought suddenly to a close by Al. announcing that lunch was ready.

It was quite an elaborate spread. We had sandwiches galore, and even Jack was happy. What fun we did have! The Captain and Jack kept up a running fire of jest, and Al., elated by his success, told some of his best stories.

Jack and the Captain put away the sandwiches in a manner that would have done credit to a pie-eating

contest. The Captain's ardor, however, was suddenly squelched while making an attack on a fresh sandwich; the contortions of his face were a study. Jack, who had started a sandwich made of similar material, dropped it like a hot cake.

"What's the matter, Capt'n?" enquired Jack.

The Captain was scrutinizing closely the make-up of his sandwich, and replied, "the darn thing is loaded—with cayenne pepper."

Our friend Al. skipped out when he saw the Captain make his selection and was enjoying a good laugh.

It took considerable liquid refreshment to put out the fire in the Captain's mouth; in fact, it left a chronic effect on him for the remainder of the cruise.

Jack nearly had a fit, and when he recovered himself, said "Capt'n, how do you like Dutch lunches now?"

The Captain said not a word, but smiled, took another drink to ease his burning mouth, went on deck, and then resumed fishing.

Our luck changed. In less than two hours we had an abundance of fish. We set to work and cleaned them, and Al. had a mess of which we were all proud.

THE WANDERER AND HIS STORY.

We were debating as to how we could best spend the remainder of the day, when we observed an old man rowing towards us. We had noticed this same party on several occasions, but until this time, he had never been

within hailing distance. His occupation seemed to be entirely that of gathering up drifting timber, which he would tow behind his boat. We had heard him spoken of by the campers, who looked upon him as somewhat of a hermit; we were, therefore, curious to learn a little of his history. It was this that prompted the Captain to call out to him as he approached us:

"Hello! partner, won't you come aboard?"

He looked up. There was upon his face a look of mingled want and sorrow. He dropped his head and resumed his rowing, as if he did not understand our request. He was rapidly nearing us, and the Captain again sang out:

"Come aboard, friend, and pay us a visit."

He rested on his oars, gave us a searching look, and replied:

"You said friend. Ah! 'tis a long while since any called me friend. I'll accept your invitation."

As soon as he was along-side, we assisted him aboard. The Captain introduced us all to him, but when we asked him for his name, he shook his head, and said "never mind that, friends, it would do you no good."

We did not press our request, but made him go into the cabin, and we helped him to the best there was on board. He had evidently seen some service on the lakes, for he was well versed in matters appertaining to boats, and he criticised the points of the "Angler" like a veteran yachtsman. After a little while he became

quite sociable, but when we asked him where he lived, he again became distant in his manner, and pointing out to the marshy waste, said one word—"yonder."

Seeing that it was no use trying to draw him out, we asked no more questions. We gave him a pipe, and after he had smoked silently for a few minutes, he asked:

"Where are you from?"

"From Detroit," we replied.

"Friends," he said, "I was born in Detroit, and spent my happiest days there, and—(tears were in his eyes) there realized the deepest sorrow,"

None of us deigned to make any reply, but gazed in wonderment upon the old man, upon whose face there was then a look of extreme sadness.

"It is over twenty years since I was there, and yet I think sometimes I will go and try to find—— No! no, not that—that's impossible!"

There was a wild look in his eye, and as his gaze passed from one to the other, there was an uncontrollable feeling of dread experienced by us all. His features gradually relaxed, and when the old sad expression had returned, he said:

"My friends, I would like to tell you a story—one of my own life. I've never told it before to any living soul. You've been kind to me; perhaps it will relieve me if I unburden my mind. Yet I'm afraid it's too long, and I—"

"No, no, go ahead!" we exclaimed.

We filled the old man's pipe; he took a few long pulls, closed his eyes for a few moments as if meditating, and then commenced

THE STORY OF "LITTLE AGNES."

It is a good many years ago. I was quite a young man, and was returning from a party, tired out and almost walking in my sleep, when I noticed, placed by a fence near the corner of a street, a basket. It was a bright moonlight night and there was no mistaking my find. My first thought was that it belonged to some one returning from a picnic, who had set it down while waiting for a street car and had forgotten it. This, however, was only a passing thought. I was about to examine it closely when I bethought me that it was probably a practical joke. I cast a hasty glance around, and resumed my walk homeward. I cannot express the feeling that came over me after I had walked away from it—something, some unaccountable impulse compelled me to return. Upon my reaching the basket again, I looked carefully around to see if any one was watching me. Not observing any lookers on I proceeded to examine my find, and took off the first wrapper; when I observed a second covering I came to the conclusion that it was a joke and was about to give up my investigation, when the same impulse that led me to return seized me and I lifted the second covering. When lo! I beheld the sweet chubby face of a baby. A sensation then came over me which I cannot well describe. My first thoughts were to cover it up and leave it for some one else to find, and unconsciously I was covering it up before leaving it. But the next moment my heart responded with such tenderness that I could not have left it there for all the world. I took the basket up tenderly,

not knowing really what I would do with it, and walked ahead, half dazed, as one in a dream. While a hundred ideas were running through my mind, I chanced to think of a married friend who had no children and who I knew had thoughts of adopting a child. As these parties lived on the other side of the city from where I resided I had to retrace my steps, which I did at once. I was now thoroughly awakened to my situation, and my greatest dilemma was what I would do should my charge wake up. I passed several policemen and I expected that each would want to examine the basket, and then—well, I could only think and worry. I at last reached the home of my friend, and here my courage commenced to fail me. Supposing that they would not take the child, what then? They might think that I had personal reasons for being so interested, and if they did not feel like taking my version of the matter, and it should ever get to the ears of my friends and become public, what a life I should have to lead. I rang the bell. No answer. Perhaps they were out of the city; what then? I began to feel keenly my situation. Again I rang the bell. I had nearly given up in despair when I heard the voice of my friend. A moment later I was in the parlor. The first thing my friend said was, "What have you there, what's the matter?" I hastily told my adventure and was greatly relieved when I saw that he believed me. I had scarcely finished my story when he called his wife to "come right down," and told her that I had a present for her. I had to start my story again, but, woman like, she guessed the sequel immediately, and had the little one in her arms the next second. It opened its eyes, which were blue, looked around, gave what we all thought was a smile, and then nestled down and again went to sleep. "Then you'll keep it?" I asked. "Keep it!" she replied; "this

is a gift from heaven; keep it! yes, and never to part until death takes it from us." You cannot imagine the load that was taken off my mind. My friend's wife then took the baby up stairs and placed it in bed, and upon her return said it was a girl and that I must give it a name. Absent-mindedly, I said, "Little Agnes." As it was now near morning my friends desired me to stay the rest of the night with them, but I declined the offer, for my nerves were all unstrung and I was anxious for the solitude of my room, there to meditate over my midnight adventure.

I used to make it a practice to go and visit my friends every Sunday, if I was in town, and see "Little Agnes," even if I had time to stay only a few minutes. It was not long before she was able to prattle and run around, a sweet, beautiful little child. One Sunday while visiting my friends "Little Agnes" called out "Mamma, der's de dady in back." My friends asked me to hurry and get a glimpse of the lady. I ran to the window and my eyes immediately met those of a woman dressed in black, with a sad, pinched face; as her eyes met mine she gave a startled look.

Those eyes! where had I seen them? A dizziness seized me and it took considerable will power for me to control myself, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that this was "little Agnes'" mother. I stooped down and played with the baby to give me time to regain my composure. When I returned to my friends they asked:

"Did you see her?" "Yes," I replied unconcernedly, "what about her?" "Well, do you know that she never passes the house but what she looks in, and always seems disappointed if our 'baby' is not at the window. 'Little Agnes' calls her 'the lady in black,' and watches for her every

day. Poor thing, I suppose she works down town and a smile from a baby lightens her load."

I did not reply, but I thought how that smile must have nearly broken her heart.

Being away from the city, it was about three weeks before I was able to visit my friends again, and then, in an unconcerned manner, they stated that they had not seen the "lady in black" for about two weeks, and that "Little Agnes" looked for her every day, and was much disappointed because she had not seen her.

I thought no more of the matter until one evening after supper my landlady called me and said there was a boy waiting with a note, and stated that he was to give it to no one but myself. I hastened down stairs and a little boy stood awaiting me. "Be you Mr. ——?" On my assurance that I was the right party he gave me a slip of paper upon which was written :

KIND SIR—Come at once to see a dying woman. It is a mother that asks you. If you ever loved your mother, come. Don't wait. S——.

I hastened out with the boy ; he led me to a small frame house. I was met at the door by a motherly-looking woman with tears in her eyes. "Oh, sir, I'm glad you've come ; she was so afraid we could not find you." I hurried up a flight of stairs and entered a room, and there in bed was "the lady in black." She seemed unconscious and when I looked upon that poor, pinched face, my heart failed me and I could not keep back my tears. The old lady approached the bed and whispered to her. She immediately opened her eyes. They had that dull look of death, but immediately upon perceiving me they brightened up, and I could see "Little Agnes" before me. She beckoned me to the side of the bed and in

half whispered tones said, "I sent for you because I'm dying. You remember the night you picked up the basket? I followed your every footstep. I could not keep my babe. I could not keep myself. *I could starve*, but I could not see my little one perish. I prayed to God. I made the sacrifice—you know the rest. I saw my child every day, and each time I saw her my heart was pierced deeper and deeper until now I am dying." The poor woman was gradually sinking and I made a motion as if to arise. She put out her hand and motioned me to be seated, and, recovering herself, said, as she handed me a small box from under her pillow, "I want you to do this much for me: Give this to my babe when you think she is old enough to—to understand." She was now almost gone, and the old lady and myself tried to soothe her. She rallied just enough to ask me what we called her baby. I told her. Her eyes for a moment regained their old lustre, she looked at me and smiled, murmured, "Little Agnes, my Little Agnes," closed her eyes, and, was dead.

For years I did not miss a week but I saw "Little Agnes." I saw her bud into womanhood, loving her, with hopes of some day making her my own. But one fatal day, true to my promise, I gave her the box her mother gave me, and I never saw her afterwards. The next time I called, her foster parents told me she had fled, they knew not where. They, poor souls, died broken-hearted. But I'm going to Detroit to try to find—no, no, that's impossible——!

His whole demeanor now changed. He started up as one awakened from a dream. In one bound he was in his boat, and, without another word, rowed rapidly away.

"Well, that beats the Dutch," said Jack.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Captain. "The old gent is probably a little demented, but I guess there's no fiction in his story."

We sat silent for a few moments, each thinking of the old man and his story, and its dramatic termination, when our reverie was broken by Al., who sang out:

"Come, hustle there! we have only two hours to catch the boat, and the wind is dying out."

It took but a few seconds to get under way, and we arrived at Sugar Island with plenty of time to spare. Al. was kept busy until the boat arrived, taking orders for various supplies, Jack's last salutation being, "don't forget the spring chicken."

We were sitting on the dock; Jack and the Captain, being deeply engaged with their corn-cobs, when Jack broke the silence.

"Say, Capt'n, he was a hummer—no insects with wings on him, eh?"

"Who?"

"Why, Al."

"Well, I should say! I never saw a fellow get the run of the ropes so quick in my life. Do you know what he asked me to do this morning, when I was cooking breakfast?"

"No!"

"He asked me if I would *brown his eggs on both sides*—that's honest!"

"You don't say, Capt'n!—what did you tell him?"

"Jack, I'll be sugared if he didn't completely knock me out! I said nothing, but did it, because I admired his cheek."

"You did—fact?"

"Yes, Jack—'tis a fact."

"That's all right, Capt'n," said Jack, with a look of disappointment, "but you would never have done them up in that shape for me."

"That's so, and I guess I'll never be caught again. But say, Jack, isn't it about time you were hungry?"

"Yes, Capt'n, now you have mentioned it, I must say I am feeling kind of 'off color.'"

We put out at once to the "Angler." It was not long before we were sitting down to a nice fish supper, after which the Captain went on Hickory and visited Camp Josephine. We never could find out what time it was when he came aboard that night, but it must have been quite late, because he was not anxious to get up in the morning; this was contrary to his custom. He was always the first up and would give us no peace until we had turned out.



A VIEW OF AMHERSTBURG FROM LAKE ERIE.

AN INTERIOR SKETCH OF HICKORY ISLAND.



CHAPTER V.

Among the late arrivals at Camp Ka-Dee was a Dr. Douglas. The doctor was quite an acquisition to the campers; in fact, he was indispensable; unfortunately for us, his stay was very limited. He had hardly been on the island half a day when it seemed as if the bulk of the campers were in consultation with him. He was known as the

“CAMP DOCTOR.”

Whether it was because they got their advice free, or that they really imagined they were sick, we do not know; but we do know that, if the doctor had such a clientage at home, he would have made a fortune in six months. The Captain was numbered among his patients. Having knocked off a small portion of skin on the back of his hand he thought it was an excellent opportunity to go and have it fixed up, and get acquainted at the same time.

We were anxiously awaiting his return, the day being far advanced; having also in view a sail to Amherstburg to replenish our larder.

“Here comes the Captain,” said Jack. “Let us give him a raking over the coals for staying so long.”

In a few seconds he was along side, and before we could say anything to him, he fairly shouted, "boys, there is to be a regatta to-morrow."

"Where?"

"Right here."

"Who is getting it up?"

"The Doctor and your humble servant."

"Is there any lunch going with it?" enquired Jack.

"Now look here, Jack," replied the Captain, "I wish you would go ashore and fill up; here I have been feeding you on the fat of the land for two weeks, yet you're always hungry; it's a reflection on the cook and—"

"Hold on now, I'm no kicker; but we only had fish for breakfast; the supplies have run out, and we have been waiting half a day for you so we could go to Amherstburg and get something for dinner; I'm hungry now, and what do you expect a man to think of under such circumstances?"

"Jack."

"Capt'n."

"Who's running this boat?"

"Well, from appearances, I guess you are, Capt'n."

"Then shut up!"—and Jack shut up. We pulled up the anchor and set sail for Amherstburg, where we took on supplies to last us from two to four days, according to the condition of Jack's appetite.

AMHERSTBURG.

It was considerable of a conjecture to us as to how this town had derived its name. We made some enquiries, but found none to give us the key to the conundrum. If the town had been called "Limestoneburg" it would have been more appropriate.

We, as well as the majority of the campers, traded at a store opposite the American Consulate, and what struck us as most peculiar was the make-up of the attendants, or if you please, the clerks. On our first visit we were waited on by a colored gentleman who was very profuse in his attentions, and on leaving presented us each with a cigar. The Captain called them "two-for-fives;" the quality was certainly not of the Henry Clay brand and had a tendency to drive away more customers than to make patrons. Yet with Jack's incessant nibbling (he took anything eatable within reach), and the cigars, our trade was more to be dreaded than courted. But, as we have before stated, the assortment of clerks was as varied as the wares upon the shelves—colored, short, tall, lean, fat, all ages, from fifteen to forty; all good-natured and obliging.

The greatest prodigy that we came across in this town was a barber of two weeks' experience. Jack said "he took the bun." He claimed to be able to play the fiddle, guitar, accordion, and *toot* a mouth-organ, and to all these accomplishments added that of shaving. Jack

gave him a trial and said "he was a dandy shaver;" but not knowing how to interpret the "dandy," none other of the party would place themselves in his hands.

Amherstburg is a clean-looking town, having a light, cheerful appearance, especially from the river. With Bois Blanc Island for a neighbor, enlivened with an incessant procession of sail and steam craft during the summer months, and with Lake Erie's cool breeze, it has every opportunity to become a favorite summer resort.

We had just returned from our trip to Amherstburg, and had barely let go the anchor, when Clarence was observed rowing toward us.

"I hope he isn't going to invite himself to supper," said Jack.

"Hello, Clarence."

"How are you, Capt'n?"

"Oh, I'm all right; what's the news, Clarence?"

"Well, I'll tell yer, Capt'n; I have got the dandy fellows at my camp, you bet; one is a cowboy—been on the plains; he's got skins of buffalo, and can shoot a cigar out of your mouth. What! don't yer believe it?"

"You don't say, Clarence, are they dangerous?" said Jack, with affected seriousness.

"Naw."

"Do they carry revolvers?"

"Naw."

"They are not going to kill anybody, are they, Clarence?"

"Naw; but I tell you, if you want any ice-boxes turned over or tents pulled down, them's the fellows for you, you bet."

After a few other remarks Clarence pulled off on some duty for the camp.

"Well, boys," said the Captain, "I think, after supper, we had better go ashore and look over the wild Western crowd."

Very soon supper was announced. This was a combination meal of dinner and supper in one. So much time had been taken up in shopping that this was necessary. Such combination meals disgusted Jack, but seemed to give the Captain a good deal of satisfaction.

After supper, and while Jack washed the dishes, we sat around the cock-pit and smoked our pipes. It was quite romantic, sitting there meditating and watching the stars, with the flickering of a camp fire in the distance.

"Well, I'm through," said Jack, "and jolly glad I am of it, too,"

"Never mind, Jack," said the Captain, "you are excellent at that business—can't be excelled; I will give you papers for it when we get ashore."

"Many thanks, Capt'n; you ought to have been a candy manufacturer."

"Why, Jack?"

"Because you make such good 'taffy.'" At this we all laughed.

"But, Capt'n—"

"What now, Jack?"

"Aren't you just the least bit struck on your cooking? Now be candid"—

The Captain blushed, and silently puffed.

"Because, I was going to say, I did not see how you could help being—I will admit, it is very good; but, say, Capt'n, *you're darned slow*, anyhow.

Before the Captain could reply we heard the cry of "'Angler' ahoy," and were being hailed from the shore to attend the camp-fire. We put off at once, but Jack, who had become a little more particular about his toilet, followed later.

A CAMP FIRE.

To the uninitiated it would be hard to conceive a more romantic spectacle than a camp fire, especially on this peculiar island. Abundance of underbrush was collected, upon which were piled logs of fantastic shapes to the height of about ten feet. Around this, with no other light but the fire, sat the campers in small groups—some with camp-stools, but the majority making mother earth their resting place. For a back-ground we had the white tents and the grove of hickory trees, from which the island is well named. At each flicker of the fire a new shade was cast upon the faces, or a corner that had hitherto been in darkness was lighted up. Then they all

joined in singing some old songs, with possibly a refrain from the river, where some had taken themselves in boats. Such was the camp fire of that evening.

Off by themselves were the new arrivals, the "Texas Jack Camp." Amongst them was the party we called "Texas Jack." He was decked in full regalia of a cowboy—there was no mistake. If it had not been for the fact that he wore glasses he would have indeed looked ferocious. He struck a negligent pose near a fallen log, and was the wonderment of half the campers that evening.

At a short distance, having a whispered consultation, sat the Captain, Jack, Gadd and other kindred spirits discussing the new arrivals, when Clarence arrived with a message to the effect that a "tent was coming down to-night," and invited our assistance.

When Clarence had gone, Jack asked the Captain if he was in for the fun. "Yes, Jack, I'm in for it; but don't you think that it would be just the ticket to go and pull their tent down while they are at work on the other fellows?"

That just tickled Jack, and especially Gadd, and in a few minutes the trio were making a cut through the woods to the "Texas Jack Camp." Arrived at the camp, precaution was taken that there should be no running against dishes, pans, stoves, etc., to arouse the neighbors. The Captain, in his hurry, fell into the ice-box, which was a hole dug in the ground, and Jack, having to go

inside the tent to release the poles, came near being buried alive, as Gadd let go the guy-ropes a little too soon.

The job was just completed when some one was heard approaching. There was a general stampede, each taking different directions back to the camp fire, where we again joined in the festivities with as good an appearance of innocence as we could assume.

Not long after this adventure, Clarence arrived at the camp-fire and reported that somebody "had dumped his tent," and vowed vengeance on the guilty parties.

The innocent manner in which the Captain asked Clarence "what was the trouble," would have done a star actor credit.

Clarence looked very hard at the Captain, and with considerable emphasis said:

"I'd like to know who did this job, you bet!"

"You don't think it was me, Clarence, do you?" asked the Captain in a soothing manner.

"Naw—but by gosh! where's that Gadd?"

"Oh, Gadd's been with me all the evening," said the Captain.

"Makes no difference—I know him. Now, look 'ere, if I find any holes around our tent in the morning, I'll know it's him's done it—'cause them's made by his crutch—see?" Clarence went off with blood in his eye and a determination to get even with some one.

From the manner Clarence took hold of this case, we came to the conclusion that he would have made a good detective.

THE PIG HUNT.

The program had just been brought to a close, and we were about to return to the "Angler," when we were all startled by a terrific shriek. For a few seconds we were unable to determine from whence it came, until our attention was drawn to a scattering of tin pans, a waving of lanterns, and yells from the campers.

On hastening to the scene of confusion, we found that the excitement was caused by a truant pig, from the island farm, being found under the bed of one of the lady campers. This lady, in "looking for a man under the bed," discovered Mr. Pig, and, at first sight, was unable to tell whether it was a man or beast. She then "sounded the alarm," and in a manner that was very thrilling and emphatic to say the least.

When Mr. Pig was driven out of the tent he made a lunge through an array of tin pans; hence this din and confusion.

We, of course, joined the campers in the hunt that followed for the porker, and a regular steeple-chase it was. He had no respect for persons or things. He would disappear under one side of a tent and come out on the other, followed by the kicks and screams of its occupants, and at one tent he was so "piggish" that he

came out with half the bed-clothes. The campers were armed with all kinds of weapons—brooms, sticks, clubs, and parts of fishing rods. When the pig disappeared under one side of a tent, we would stampede to the other and wait for his re-appearance. The Captain was here, there, and everywhere, banging away at any, and every thing that had, even in shadowed outline, any resemblance to a pig, and his ardor came near ending disastrously to him. Observing a hump on the lower portion of the tent under which the porker had disappeared, he let fly at the hump. Instead of the pig, it happened to be the occupant of the tent. The blow rolled him out of his cot with ejaculations that were loud and deep. The Captain was very profuse in his apologies, but the only thing that saved him a licking was that his victim was in his *robe de chambre*.

Our chase was very exciting, taking us over benches, tables, ice-boxes, and gny-ropes, from camp to camp, causing great consternation to those who had retired; to us no end of amusement, and no little damage to the culinary utensils of some of the campers.

At the "wind-up," upon comparing notes, we found that we had several pair of barked shins, one broken nose, one tent knocked down, several ice-boxes turned over, and—we never caught the pig.

When the excitement had died out we were somewhat alarmed to find that the Captain was missing and we commenced to scout the track we had taken, expecting

to find him laid up for repairs at one of the camps. But we could not find nor hear anything of him. On our way we met Clarence who was busy putting up his tent. The first thing he asked was:

"Where's the pig?"

"In clover," said Jack.

"Oh, you fellows wants to be funny," said Clarence. "Did't you catch 'im?"

We had to admit our failure, when Clarence said:

"You're no good—all of yer! Why, I could have caught 'im myself, all alone, you bet! Wait 'till I get this 'ere tent fixed, I'll catch 'im; he's the one that cleaned out our ice-box last night—took all we got; had nothing for breakfast this morning, darn 'im!" Clarence went to work at a lightning gait to finish his job, vowing death to the pig.

We offered to render Clarence some help in erecting his tent, but it was one of Clarence's peculiarities that, although he was always anxious to assist all comers, yet he would not accept any assistance from any one, and after refusing our proffered help said:

"You fellows better skip, 'cause, I'll tell yer, if my campers come back, and you are here, there's going to be trouble."

"Is that so?" we replied with affected anxiety.

"Yes, you bet!"

"Why, what's the matter, Clarence?"

"Never mind; you look out, I tell yer."

After considerable persuasion Clarence was induced to tell us that his Texas Jack Camp had come to the conclusion that we knew more about dumping their tent than we wished known, and, to avoid trouble, Clarence wanted us to "clear out" at once.

"All right, Clarence," we said, "but have you seen the Captain lately?"

"Naw. I saw him at the camp-fire though."

"We can't find him, Clarence."

"Don't you fellows fret yourselves, he'll take care of himself, you bet!"

It was one of Clarence's peculiarities that he never had any money, yet he always wanted to back up his assertions with a bet, the stakes being from ten dollars up to ten thousand.

We made up our minds that the Captain had gone to "The Point" on a visit to Camp Josephine, so we put off to the "Angler" without any more enquiries.

On our arrival at the "Angler" we were greatly surprised to find the Captain on board, quietly enjoying his pipe.

"Hello! Capt'n, when did you come aboard?" we all asked.

"Just a little while ago."

"What did you slip us for?" enquired Jack.

The Captain laughed and said:

"Well, boys, its a good one on me—I suppose I must tell it. When we were chasing that pig I took a

header over some guy-ropes and came near disrobing myself, and, 'if you must know, I came aboard to get another pair of pants.'

We had a good laugh at the Captain's expense, but it did not seem to bother him. He said: "It amuses you and doesn't hurt me, and it is all in the day's fun, anyway."

Quite a delegation of campers paid us a visit, and we spent a very enjoyable evening, not bringing it to a close until nigh on to midnight.



CHAPTER VI.

ON this particular morning, although up quite early, we yet had not accomplished anything to speak of. It was necessary that everything should be trim and tidy, as the "Angler" was to go into commission for a very important event with the campers, yet even with this in view, we were all possessed with an indifferent feeling—we were lamenting

JACK'S DEAPARTURE,

and a gloom was cast over the crew. The Captain was well-nigh inconsolable. Jack had received a letter the day before, on the evening boat, which called him home, and he had just left on the "Riverside" for Detroit.

"If he had only stayed for the Regatta, I would not have cared so much," said the Captain. "He's gone and missed the best part of the trip."

"Well, it can't be helped," replied Gadd, who has been installed a member of the crew. "There's one thing certain, we will all have to go home pretty soon."

"Yes, and that's what is bothering me. Say, Gadd, fill my pipe, I guess I'll smoke and meditate a little."

This was the Captain's solace in time of trouble, and was, he said "a sure cure for the blues."

After a brief silence, and preceded by a few vigorous pulls on his corn-cob, he eased his troubled spirit with the following:

"I don't want to put myself up as a philosopher, or to be looked upon as a cynic, but I often think that this life is made up largely of disappointments. For instance: a man enters into some gigantic enterprise which proves a success, yet he will be disappointed because he did not lay out his plans some other way and secure larger results. A man at seventy, who has had a round of good fortune, health, and other advantages, you'll often find lamenting that he did not follow some other plan when he was forty. Take another view—often a fellow will fall head over heels in love with a girl, get married, and then be disappointed because he didn't marry an orphan, and, thereby be rid of all trouble from his mother-in-law—so moves the procession. Take us fellows, for instance, when we get home we'll acknowledge that we have had a splendid time, but will be found complaining because on a certain occasion we failed to get as much fun out of an event as we should have done. Look at that Jack! I'm darn'd if he hasn't gone and broken up our party and disappointed the whole of us. Well, my motto is that 'everything happens for the best,' but it is a pretty tough motto to swallow, sometimes.

"There's one thing I hope, and that is, that Jack will get enough to eat when he gets home. That fellow beats the Dutch. I think that I could stand up to five

meals per day (if some one would pay for them), but I'm darn'd if I don't believe that chap could get away with a dozen. Did you ever see the like of him?"

Of course, we all admitted that we never did, and this seemed to ease his mind. Soon afterward, he said:

"Well, boys, we must trim ship, this is the day of the Regatta and we have no time to spare."

THE REGATTA

was set for three o'clock, yet long before that time we had everything in good shape. Gadd went off in a boat to assist in the preliminaries, while George Ketcham came on board the "Angler" to act as time-keeper in place of Dr. Douglas, who had gone home, the Captain being the judge and master of ceremonies.

The program consisted of all kinds of races for ladies and gentlemen, both rowing and sailing.

The first race, a double scull, was for the ladies. It took just about an hour to start them. But when they did start, it was with a vim that would have done credit to old athletes. Of course, there was fouling, and plenty of it, and one lady came near having her nose flattened out with the back of another lady's oar, but that didn't count. Every one said it was "beautiful" and "too sweet for anything," and, although they could not all win, yet each crew told the Captain confidently "that if they had only a little further to row, they would have won the race."

During this race George Ketcham became much excited. Miss Kate MacFarland was engaged in the contest, and George was wearing this lady's colors. He was swinging his arms and yelling all kinds of cheering expressions when his foot slipped, and he was just about taking a dive when the Captain yanked him in.

The next race was a double scull for gentlemen, and was won, after a hard contest, by Camp Hickory. If this had been an ordinary amateur race, it would have ended in a fight. When the boats reached the turning stake they looked like a Chinese puzzle. But, as we said before, fouls did not count. The boys got out of the snarl the best way they could and spurted for the home stake.

There was considerable preparation made for the next event on the program, which was a sail-boat race over a triangular course. There were a large number of entries. Every one that could patch up a sail went in on this contest. Clarence was out in all his glory, a determined winner, and Camp Hickory spent one day in putting on a temporary keel and making a spinnaker out of a blanket. Clarence was doomed to disappointment, for his boat got stuck in the weeds, and after making the first stretch he could not "come about." Camp Hickory could not get up their patent spinnaker when they needed it, and, before the race was half over, the "Riverside's" whistle was heard, and that broke up the contest.

After the sail-boats had all started, the Captain turned to George and said:

“What time have you?”

“Half past four, Capt’n.”

“I don’t mean that; the boat’s time.”

“Why, Capt’n, that’s too bad, I really was so taken up with the races that I forgot to take the time.”

“Now, George, didn’t you come aboard to act as time-keeper?”

“Well, yes, Capt’n, but —”

“There are no buts about it. It’s a sure case of being in love, smitten, or anything else you may call it. Why, if it hadn’t been for me, you’d have got a ducking, and now I’ll be sugared if you haven’t forgot what you came aboard for. Ha, ha! forgot, my grandmother! you’re—”

At this moment a lady came alongside, and said:

“Mr. Ketcham!”

“Pardon me, Miss Kate, but I had not noticed you before. I’m at your service; what can I do for you?”

“Nothing in particular, but if you intend to meet the “Riverside” you had better get in and row over at once.”

They waved a salute to the Captain and left him alone to his meditations.

Every one said the regatta was a grand success, and the Captain was raised by vote of the camp to the rank of Commodore.

That evening, by invitation from camp Ka-Dee, we attended a

"SHADOW PANTOMIME."

It was quite a star performance. There was a boxing bout in which Gadd took part; he strapped one glove on to the end of his crutch and knocked out all comers. The shaving scene that followed was also very amusing. Clarence was "in the chair." In response to his request for a close shave, the operator shaved off his nose, and it was quite a few seconds before Clarence could realize that he had not lost that prominent and useful organ. The act that took the Captain's fancy was the one that represented the feeding of a Chinaman. After supplying him with numerous eatables in the shape of rats, dogs and cats, they finished his repast with a string of sausages about a yard long. After witnessing this closing act, he turned to Gadd and said:

"Well, he can stow away pretty good, but I believe our Jack could lay him out at that game."

A DISCUSSION ON SPOONING.

During a lull in the performance, the Captain and Miss Olive Douglas had quite an animated discussion on spooning. This was caused by seeing a young couple giving very prominent outward evidence of their tenderness for each other.

Miss Douglass was criticising them, and the Captain was trying to make some plausible excuse for their conduct.

“Now, Capt’n, tell me, do you think you ever so forgot yourself as to act like that?”

“Miss Olive, you’ve given me a hard question to answer. That fellow there is sailing with a ‘free wind.’ What spooning I have ever done I guess was more on ‘beat to windward’ style. Well, come to think of it, when I had the right kind of craft, I may have sailed ‘close-hauled’—on a dark night.”

Miss Olive smiled at this and said:

“Well, Capt’n, I hate to see it in public.”

“That’s very probable, but seeing it done, and participating in it are two different things—you know the old saying, Miss Olive, that ‘love is blind.’”

For argument’s sake, I’ll admit that it is, but those folks over there seem to think we are blind—there’s the difference.

The Captain had a good laugh over this repartee, and said:

“Were you ever in love, Miss Olive?”

Miss Olive blushed, and said: “That’s immaterial. I maintain, to be in love it is not necessary to be spoony, and being spoony is no indication of being in love. What I would impress upon you is this, that a camp is no place for such business. We are all here to enjoy ourselves, and each should endeavor to make the others

happy and not try to get a mortgage on any one person. I am expressing my opinion—I suppose some would call me cynical."

"Those are my sentiments—just at present," said the Captain. "But in my courting days I may have been as big a fool as the rest of 'em, and—well, I have to be very careful, even at this late day."

"I am surprised at you, Captain," said Miss Olive with a laugh.

"I do not wonder at that, Miss Olive; I am surprised at myself sometimes. Yet, you know, it is said that we often repeat in old age things that we did in early life."

"True, true, Capt'n; but you are not old, at least I should not think—"

"Oh, no," said the Captain hurriedly, for he did not know how the lady would finish her remarks.

"And you're married?"

"Certainly; what of that?"

"You don't mean to say that you could forget you were married, and—" Miss Olive's eyes fairly sparkled.

"No, No, I'll never forget that—I have too many in the family to keep my memory green," said the Captain with a laugh. "But can't a married man be spoony with his wife?"

"I know of no reason why he should not be; but I think it is bad taste to make it public."

"Well, Miss Olive, I agree with you; but when a couple are smitten as bad as our friends over yonder, they care nothing for good taste or style and are totally oblivious to lookers on."

"Capt'n, you stick to your case well; you should have been a lawyer."

"And you, Miss Olive, like all the ladies, stick out for—"

"For what?"

"The last word."

"Certainly," said Miss Olive, and the conversation was brought to a close with similar good-natured bantering.

We bade Camp Ka-Dee good-night, escorted the members of Camp Josephine out to "The Point," after which we rowed out to the "Angler," took a few minutes' solace with our pipes, and then—bed.



A VIEW OF "THE POINT."

CHAPTER VII.

THIS was an eventful day with us. We were to take the ladies of Camp Josephine for a sail. The Captain had set his heart on this event and was ashore arranging the preliminaries. Frank, from Camp Hickory, had joined our crew and we were buisly engaged "fixing up," when we received a visit from Clarence, who had

A LETTER FROM JACK,

for the Captain. Clarence was overflowing with the responsibility of his duty in delivering it, and enquired:

"Where's the Capt'n?"

"Ashore."

"On Hickory or Sugar?"

"Don't know," replied Frank, "what do you want with him?"

"Have got a letter for 'im."

"Well, hand it over, I'll give it to him."

"Guess not," said Clarence, "I'm going to give it to 'im myself—you bet!"

No coaxing would induce our friend to leave the letter in our care, and he pulled off in search of the Captain.

About two hours later the Captain came aboard, all smiles, and said:

"Boys, I have a letter from Jack."

"You don't say?"

"Fact!"

"Read it, Capt'n."

"That's just what I'm going to do—now, I want no interruptions."

OLD PARD—CAPT'N:

I arrived home safe and sound. The first thing I did was to make a break and go and have something to eat.

"Darn that Jack, he's always hungry, anyway," said the Captain.

But somehow it did not taste as good as on board the good yacht "Angler." I will tell you one thing, I felt very lonesome when the "Riverside" got out in mid-stream, for the little man with the sailor cap and shirt and high-water pants.

I rocked all night in bed and thought I was on the "Angler," and awoke much disappointed to find that I was in bed on shore.

Remember me to all the boys, and girls—I mean ladies. I hope you'll have a good wind to bring you home.

By-the-bye, have you started any more camp-fires?

Yours ashore,

JACK.

"That's a good letter Capt'n," said Gadd.

"Yes, but did you notice what he said about the grub not tasting as good as on the "Angler," and the Captain smiled a sweet contented smile, and shortly afterward said:

"Well, boys, is everything ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"Well, I guess we'll pull up the anchor and drop down in front of Camp Josephine."

Arrived at the camp, the Captain put off in the duck boat and paddled our visitors out singly, which he did without any accident, although, secretly we would have enjoyed his misfortune had he upset with either of his passengers.

This was our "ladies' day," and we insisted that the ladies "man the boat." Miss Josephine took the tiller, while Miss Kit and Miss MacFarland tended the main and fore sheets.

We sailed out to Bar Point Light House, and while sailing along the Canadian shore, Miss Josephine called the Captain's attention to a pretty little white farm house, and said:

"Capt'n, it would be hard for one to imagine a more charming spot in which to live, yes, and even die, than that."

"I know the place well," said the captain, "I had quite an experience at that house a few days ago."

"Tell us all about it, Capt'n," said Miss MacFarland.

THE FARM LAWYER.

"Well, ladies, it's a short story—yet one that hurt my vanity. I have always thought myself a good judge of human nature, and also thought I was a pretty fair physiognomist, but I had the conceit taken out of me at that house. A few days ago, the wind dying out, we were left off these shores. I paddled out to that farm house in quest of some milk, and upon landing I met a fine looking man, whom I now call the 'farm lawyer.' I said to myself, you'll have no trouble in getting what you want of this party, he being the picture of intelligence and good nature. Good evening, Captain, I said on approaching him (I always call strangers Captain when I'm on a cruise), I would like to get some milk. *Indeed!* said he, in a manner that gave me a chill. Seeing that he was inclined to be indifferent to my wants I changed the subject and started to admire his farm, thinking that a little flattery would do some good. He cut me short, and then let loose and explained how he came to farm. It was for his health, and, to be brief, he was a lawyer, had studied medicine and the dead languages, and was then studying German and half a dozen other lingos. He tried to impress me with his importance, and I, of course, put on an interested manner, because I wanted the milk. I at last got a chance to again enquire for that article, when he coolly informed me that he had plenty but that there was no one at the house and he

had not time to go for it. Considering that I had for about half an hour listened patiently to his narrative, I thought his excuse a very lame one, and put his refusal down to pure obstinacy. To say I was provoked is to use a mild term, but I was not so much dissatisfied in not getting the milk as I was to find that my first impression was wrong. I flattered myself that I knew a little about the study of human nature, but ladies, after this experience, I own up, I do not understand its first rudiments."

"You had quite an experience, Capt'n," said Miss MacFarland. "My opinion is that he must have been crossed in love."

"Love!" said Miss Kit, "love, why a man like that can never have known and never will know what love is!" and she gave her bowie-knife a twirl to emphasize her remarks.

"Let me advise you not to give up your study of human nature because your diagnosis was wrong in this instance," said Miss Josephine, and laughing, "just think of the opportunity you have to study to-day."

"I must admit that the present company furnishes me abundant material to carry on my studies, yet although I should have a century of time to study your tastes, mannerisms and dispositions, the ideal I have already formed of you would never change, and my exalted opinion, admiration, affect—"

"Capt'n! Capt'n, stop! stop! no more, please."

"Why, what's the matter, ladies?"

"You are drowning us in a flood of rhetoric," said Miss Josephine.

"If then you will not allow me to finish my laudatory remarks, allow me to tell you one thing—"

"What is that?" asked the ladies.

"That I know you are all hungry, and if you will excuse Frank and myself we will go and prepare lunch at once."

As the Captain had struck the key-note of what was the general feeling, they were, of course, excused.

We had made up our minds to surprise the ladies with our lunch, and the Captain and Frank set to work to make it as elaborate as possible.

In due time lunch was announced as being ready and the ladies were very profuse in their praises. Miss Kit on this occasion used her bowie-knife to advantage—she carved the watermelon. We were a merry, happy party, the ladies taking considerable pleasure in criticising our house-keeping. Miss Josephine said:

"Capt'n, the folks on Hickory have been sympathizing with you, because they thought your quarters were too limited for much comfort, and have wondered how you gentlemen managed to get three meals a day, but really from our experience, I think you are better off than any camp on the island."

"We are very glad to have the sympathy of the campers, I assure you," replied the Captain. "We have,

certainly, put on airs a little to-day in honor of the occasion, and, although we may not be entitled to any of the sympathy we receive, yet we hope you will not inform our friends of the true state of affairs, for if you do they will probably stop sending us graham gems and pancakes for breakfast."

The ladies very kindly promised to keep secret the true state of affairs, and for once, we can vouch for the fact that a woman can keep a secret.

Our return was made early in the afternoon as the ladies were anxious to meet the "Riverside," but before we took them ashore we received an invitation to take supper at Camp Josephine that evening which we readily accepted.

We lay anchored off this camp for the balance of the afternoon, occupying our time in trying to improve our personal appearance.

Promptly at the time set we arrived at the camp and were received by Mr. Dupont and the ladies. Without any ceremony, in true camp fashion, we started in on the supper—and what a supper! They must have had an Aladdin's Lamp to have been able with their apparently limited resources to have obtained such excellent results.

The Captain took the whole in at a glance, and in a whisper enquired of Gadd:

"Say, is that lobster salad?"

"I guess so."

"The genuine article—no fake?"

Gadd scrutinized it very closely and reported that it was "straight goods," when the Captain said: .

"Well, just haul it down this way and sample it. Lobster salad! Gadd, we are playing in great luck."

We flattered ourselves that we had made a good showing with our lunch but the ladies outdid us at every point, and as Gadd said, "the lobster salad alone was enough to lay us out."

We spent the evening in card playing and other amusements, enlivened with songs from the ladies, and it was nearly morning when we left our friends. We serenaded the ladies, singing softly that old song:

"Good night ladies,
Good night ladies,
Good night ladies
We're going to leave you now,"

and with a cheery good-night from Mr. Dupont we made our way out to the "Angler," all feeling that we had spent one of the most charming days of our cruise.

The next day, as a number of the campers were soon to take their departure, we spent the larger portion of our time on Hickory visiting the camps, taking this last opportunity to exchange courtesies.

The day, like our cruise, was rapidly drawing to a close, and we were hurriedly making preparations for

THE BALL,

which was to take place that evening, and which was looked upon as being the event that would mark the general break-up of the larger portion of the camps.

The Captain was making his toilet and just putting on the finishing touches, lamenting the fact that he could not shave himself, when Mr. Dupont rowed alongside, having with him his daughters and niece.

"Hello there! is the Capt'n ready?" he sung out.

The Captain put his head out of the hatchway and informed them that a few seconds would be required to finish his toilet, when Miss Josephine exclaimed, with no considerable amazement:

"Why Capt'n, you are not going like that, are you?"

"Like what, Miss Josephine?"

"Why, are you not going to wear your regulation shirt and cap?"

"No," said the Captain, "I must spruce up a little, you know?"

"Now, Capt'n," said Miss Kit, "you just put on the sailor shirt and cap; why none will know you otherwise, besides we will not allow any fixing up, anyway," and she gave her bowie knife a turn which meant business, and then to make matters more imperative, Mr. Dupont threatened to throw the Captain in the river if he attempted any such dudishness.

There was nothing for the Captain to do but to make a lightning change, and we landed at the Island a few minutes later.

The ball took place on Sugar Island, in the dancing hall; it is used for that purpose by the day excursionists. It had a very cheerful appearance; everybody brought a lantern, and we had a great assortment of this useful article. The music had arrived from Amherstburg, a combination of accordion, guitar, and a bass violin. It was settled that the program should commence with a grand march, but our musical friends could not hit upon the right time, so after many fruitless attempts they adjourned outside the hall, while one of the dancers gave them a few pointers.

We at length started out with "John Brown's Body," and the march was a brilliant success, Miss Josephine and the Captain doing the honors.

Clarence took charge of the musicians, and, with much importance, before each dance would enquire, "What do you fellows want this time?" He felt his responsibility, and it was no music until he had said "go ahead."

We had set our minds on having some of the latest dances, but we were disappointed. When we struck outside a waltz or an ordinary quadrille, the musicians had such a long consultation that we gave it up. "John Brown's Body" was their refuge; whenever they got stuck they played the same tune over again, only

changing the time. The party that played the bass violin was our barber friend, and he was a genius. He played on one string and one note all the evening, and such was his *sang-froid* that you would have taken him for a star player.

Gadd made this his great event. He deserted his crutch and put on his best patent leg and twisted the light fantastic with the best of them. Mr. Dupont surprised us all with his nimbleness. He never missed a number, but came up smiling every time, his only disappointment being that we had no fancy dances.

Quite a large delegation came over from Snake Island and joined in the festivities. Amongst them were some very fine voices, and when we combined our forces and sang the old camp songs it was with a zest that made the rafters of the hall shake themselves.

Oh! but what a glorious time! What a merry, rollicking crowd we were! Everybody good-natured; everybody acquainted and in for fun, and how sorry we all were when we had to break up, which was done early, as some of the camps had to pull up their tents the following morning. As each boat left a new song would be started, and the still night echoed back their warblings, which grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

The "Angler" crew were the last to leave the island, and we had just commenced preparations to turn in when we received a message that we were wanted at

Camp Dupont immediately. The Captain cast a sly glance at Gadd and said: "What is the matter, do you know?"

"Honest Injin, Capt'n, I will give it up."

"I'll bet some one has pulled their tent," said the Captain, "and they need our help; come boys, let's get," and he kept one eye on Gadd all the way, being in doubt as to his innocence.

THE TIN PAN SERENADE.

On arriving at Camp Dupont we found their tents all right, with Mr. Dupont and the ladies in waiting, and with no signs of any trouble.

"Good morning, ladies, said the Captain, may I ask, why this honor?"

"Well, Capt'n," said Miss Kit, "we are in for some fun to-night. The Ka-Dees leave to-morrow, and we are going to give them a tin-pan serenade."

"A what?"

"A tin-pan serenade, or, if you like, a tin-pan *charivari*. We are to meet the Maxwells up the island, and at a given signal will form around their tent and let her go—"

"Gallagher," said Frank.

We were all supplied with tin pans of some kind, the Captain with a dish pan and iron spoon at the head. In a few minutes we were at the tents of our victims—and then what a racket! We met Camp Maxwell as arranged, and talk of pandemonium let loose, it was

no name for it. Every one yelled until you would have thought their throats would split.

Mr. Dupont, from whom we all expected better things, went in the thickest of the fight with a vim that fairly appalled us. He demolished one dish-pan and laid siege to another hanging on a tree, and the way he pounded and yelled resembled a wild Indian.

After this had been going on for some time, some one enquired, "what is the matter with Camp Ka-Dee," and we all responded, "She's all right!" and with such similar exchanges the entertainment came to an end—to the gratification of our friends.

While getting breakfast on the following morning we could see Camp Ka-Dee making preparations for their removal, and it was not long before all the rest of the campers and the "Angler" were assisting them to get their things to the dock ready for the "Riverside."

At half past eleven the boat was at the dock; there was a general hand-shaking all around, a waving of caps and handkerchiefs, and Camp Ka-Dee was a thing of the past, to be renewed again, we hope, next year.

This was the commencement of the breaking up; those grouped on the dock looked sad and lonely; two more days, and the "Angler" would leave these hospitable shores.

We were assisting some of the campers to their boats when our attention was drawn to Miss MacFarland,

who was endeavoring to seat herself firmly in our duck boat, in which Gadd had promised to paddle her over to Hickory. The boat was very cranky, but at last this lady was safely seated and Gadd pushed off.

"Now look out, Kate!" exclaimed Mr. Dupont, "I would not go off in that duck boat if I were you; you had better come back and go over in the 'Josephine.'"

But Kate had long been expecting this novel ride with Gadd and had made up her mind to go anyway.

"It's all right," she replied, "and you know that I can swim."

There was a look in Gadd's eye that meant mischief, which prompted the Captain to say that "he bet that she was dumped before she reached the shore."

Naturally everyone was interested and the boat was closely watched as it neared the shores of Hickory. When they were about a hundred yards from the landing the boat was noticed to rock and all of a sudden Kate gave a scream and then we saw her in the water. Every one was startled, but a second later Kate was seen to come to the surface, grasp the stern of the boat, give it a sharp twist, and Mr. Gadd was keeping her company.

"Bravo, Kate," we all shouted.

"I'll tell you, boys, it's a cold day when that niece of mine gets left," said Mr. Dupont.

We hailed Clarence and induced him to row us out to the "Angler," where we found Gadd busily engaged

changing his clothes. We all had a good laugh over his ducking, which he seemed to enjoy himself, and said, "Boys, I thought I was going to have a good joke on Miss Kate, but she called the turn on me in first-class style, there's no denying that fact."

We took a run out into the lake, and the wind changing, it was quite late when we returned to our anchorage, and, another day was gone!



CHAPTER VIII.

THIS was the morning of the day of our departure, bright and sunny, with a good stiff breeze from the south-east, making it very favorable for our return trip. We were lingering over our breakfast, as we had nothing in view until after the arrival of the "Riverside." We expected either Jack, letters, or supplies. This was to us

THE BEGINNING OF THE END,

and there being a lull in the general conversation, the Captain rested between bites to help his digestion, and addressed the crew as follows:

"Well, boys, the climax has been reached, the last act and scene enacted and we are about to ring down the curtain on one of the most successful trips of the "Angler." I can't make any engagements at this moment, but it is to be hoped that this company will be able to fill their present positions next season. You will admit that we have met with unprecedented success, flattering reception, and played in good luck all through. We may have to change our route next season, but the present indications are, that with the friends we have made we can repeat this program in the same localities with just as good success as on this trip. Probably we shall need a few new costumes, but I should advise very little change—with some care those now in use can be

made to answer. Yes, I'm mighty sorry to have to 'pull in,' yet, as every book must have its closing chapter, every play its closing act and scene, so also must we bring our trip to a close. As soon as we have cleaned up, we will bring out the tin horns and ring down the curtain, with a flourish of trumpets, and move off with flying colors."

The Captain had just finished his remarks when we heard "'Angler, ahoy!" and Clarence stepped aboard.

"Hello, Capt'n, 'morning to yer—say, are yer going home to-day?"

"Yes, Clarence, we are waiting for the "Riverside" and will skip out when she arrives."

"Can't you go to-morrow? 'cause I'd go with yer."

"We are sorry, Clarence, but we must start to-day."

"Well, if yer can't wait, yer can't—but darn it I'm sorry 'cause I likes you fellows. Will you be here next year?—I'm here every year, you bet!"

"We assured Clarence that we would endeavor to be on hand the following season. After some refreshments he went off happy, and we doubt if Clarence felt as sorry to lose our company as we did to part with him. Poor, good-natured Clarence, "may your shadow never grow less."

"It is no use talking," said Gadd, "but we're in great luck, and no mistake."

"What do you mean?" asked Frank.

“What do I mean? Why, just to think of being a day too early for Clarence; we would have starved before we reached home if Clarence had come along—we have just about enough on board to supply our friend with two meals. Great luck?—why, we are regular maseots.”

The whistle of the “Riverside” was then heard and she was seen rounding Sugar Island. Gadd and Frank put off for the dock and awaited her arrival.

A few minutes later they returned and we found that our faintest hopes were not realized. No letters—we could dispense with these. Jaek did not materialize—we were, of course, disappointed; but no supplies!—this was a stunner, and it was then simply a case of “get up and get.”

We hoisted the canvas immediately and beat down past the remaining campers on Hickory, tooted our horns with all the vim we could muster, singing the well-known camp song:

“Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu,
We can no longer stay with you;
We’ll hang our harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.”

Our friends on the island echoed back the strain with an accompaniment worked in on tin pans. We went down the river as far as “The Point,” and on arriving at

"Camp Josephine" we saluted them. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, but Mr. Dupont appeared to be waving arms and legs all at once. We then came about and started on

OUR HOME STRETCH.

The ovation we received from the campers while sailing by was indeed very flattering, yet, at first we were unable to determine how to apply their enthusiasm—so many things had been laid up at our door, that we thought they might be delighted to be rid of us, but other demonstrations proved otherwise.

We would like to be able to express our feelings as we commenced to leave Sugar and Hickory Islands in the distance, but no pen in our hands will ever be able to describe them, we can only ask our readers to imagine what their feelings would have been, in parting with scenes, and with friends with whom they had been closely connected in one joyous round of festivity for nearly a month? Can it be wondered at that the whole, at that moment, seemed as a dream, and that we sailed along with apparently no other interest but to keep the boat on its course.

We had been sailing probably for about an hour, when Frank said he recognized the "Merle," a sloop yacht owned and sailed by his brother John. She was lying in the lee of

FOX ISLAND,

so we hauled in on the sheets and made towards her. This island is, we have no doubt, about the smallest in the chain of lakes. It was at one time about twice as



large as at present, but a few years ago it was virtually cut in two. It was at that time used for storing large quantities of nitro-glycerine. An explosion took place and blew the largest half away. The owner has been looking for it ever since, but has never been able to find a vestige of it—it probably went off and visited some undiscovered world in the shape of a meteor—to the astonishment of the natives. A shanty, and one or two trees give it a sign of habitation.

We were handsomely entertained by the crew of the “Merle,” and it was with much reluctance that we parted from our friends. However, we stayed a little too long, the wind died out and we just managed to reach Turkey Island by sun-down, where we anchored for the night.

There was a heavy mist in the morning and it was late before we reached the Club House on Fighting Island, where we left the duck boat we had borrowed and which we used for a dingy during our cruise. The Captain here met an old friend, a member of the club, and known by them as

"PA" ROEHM.

He is of the kind that never grows old, and it is impossible to guess within ten years of his age. He is the balance-wheel of the club, a regular encyclopedia in matters appertaining to fishing and hunting; as to fishing, he can tell the species by the bite and call his fish every time. "Pa" can handle expertly almost every kind of tool, and will hustle up a shanty or run out a dock while some are squaring their lumber. He has mortgaged a part of the remainder of his life to Fighting Island, and once a week, rain or shine, well or indisposed, he can be found at the Club House. He has quite a record as a cook, and probably this accounts for the close friendship between him and the Captain; but then, he is of such a free-hearted, easy-going disposition, that any one who could not make a friend of "Pa" would quarrel with an angel.

He wanted us to stay the day with him, but we kept on our course, however, making our anchorage early in the afternoon. Captain Allen, who was the last to see us off was the first to greet us upon our return, and said:

"Boys, I thought you were lost. I'm mighty glad to see yer; how have you enjoyed yourselves?—you are as brown as Indians."

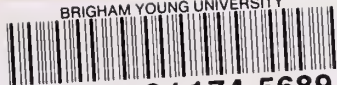
"Come aboard, Capt'n," we replied.

He needed no second invitation but rowed out at once; we adjourned to the cabin, where over some light refreshments and our corn-cobs, we related the events of our cruise.

It took some time to straighten things out, and it was not until late in the afternoon that we left the "Angler," having of the past very happy reminiscences, and great expectations for the coming year.



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